

Only Angel

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Only Angel

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Summary

Princess is the most unexpected, for Dream and George.

It's kind of like the first time again, Dream hadn't even meant to use it as an endearment, if anything it was a fond insult.

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or, Dream loves pet names, it turns out George does too.

Notes

yes i saw a reddit screenshot from 4 years ago of george answering to being called princess
yes i based a fic around it yes i have dnf brainrot

title from harry styles

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The first time Dream calls George a pet name they're not even together, have barely even passed the threshold of friendly flirting, jokes that Dream would say to Sapnap without a second thought have only just begun to feel different with George.

The tensions there, tension that Dream can't ignore, words left unsaid in Discord calls and longing breathes they fall asleep, but all it is is tension, so really, the term of endearment just slips out.

“Oh my god, *babe* , no, that line of script can’t go in before the end.” Dream laughs, and wishes he was sitting next to George to gently lean over his back and fix the code for him, instead of watching George sigh over a screen share.

Except, now George is quiet, not snarking back a response that Dream should just write the plugin himself then, the silence over the call has Dream’s heartbeat quickening, unused to silence around George that isn’t comfortable.

“What did you just call me?” George finally speaks, and Dream can’t tell if he sounds embarrassed or amused, also isn’t used to being unable to read George like a book he’s read so often the pages are worn, dog-eared and memorised.

“Uh, I don’t know?” Dream replies, leaning back on his chair and tapping his nails against the wood of his desk anxiously, he doesn’t even know what he had called George, too caught up in fixing the code to pay attention to his words, always too caught up in George to think before he speaks.

“I swear you just called me babe,” George replies, a breathy laugh accompanying his words, and Dream can’t help his intake of air, fingers stilling on his desk, “You totally did.”

“Uh,” Dream stutters, and he thinks George sounds amused, like it’s *funny* , as if his platonic best friend didn’t just call him a romantic pet name, “Sorry, just habit I guess.”

“Habit?” George giggles, and the sound soothes Dream, lessens the rope tightening around his chest, “Who else are you calling babe?”

Dream isn’t calling *anyone* babe. He hasn’t even uttered the word since middle school, nervously texting an eighth grade girlfriend, so he really has no clue why his brain has decided now is a great time to call his best friend it. George, who makes Dream’s heart skip a beat, who makes his stomach swirl every time he laughs so hard his eyes scrunch, who makes Dream believe in love and happily ever afters.

Dream can’t tell George that though.

“Just, people,” Dream replies, and doesn’t feel confident in his defence when George laughs, “Not you anymore though.”

“Aw,” George whines, and Dream tries to ignore the way it makes his heart pang in want, “Am I not special enough?”

He is, George is special enough. Dream thinks George is the most special person to grace his life, thinks George’s smile could make him smile back even on his worst days, thinks he could get lost in George’s eyes, wax poetic about the way the light shines in them when they Facetime at four in the morning, thinks George could make Dream the happiest he’s ever been.

That gets left unsaid too, filed away into the section of Dream’s brain entitled ‘Things I’d Tell George If I Was Brave Enough.’.

“Not if you don’t fix your code.”

Dream doesn’t even think his love language is words, has always thought of it more as gift giving,

physical appreciation and touch, but terms of endearment come so easily now that Dream gets to call George his boyfriend, feeling giddy with happiness every time.

Pet names roll off his tongue as often as soft calls of George's name.

"Baby," Dream whispers, watching the way George's smile half peeks out from under the duvet covering his chin, "I love you."

It still feels important telling George an 'I love you', still feels as if Dream should make sure that George knows he's loved at every opportunity he gets. It still makes George blush, and it still makes Dream's chest ache with want, want to have George next to him, want to spend the rest of his life with him.

"Love you too." George mumbles, and Dream thinks he'd give up everything to be able to reach over and brush the strand of hair falling on George's forehead, thinks he'd wave goodbye to his entire career if it meant he could pull George into his chest.

Instead, Dream sighs and watches the way George's brows crease in a frown.

"You okay?" George asks, sitting up slightly in his bed and letting his duvet fall down to expose pale neck that Dream wants to bury his head in.

"Yeah," Dream replies, and he knows George is buying none of it when the elder gives him a pointed look, "Okay, fine, I want you here."

"I know," George says, and now he looks sad too, and Dream wishes he'd kept his mouth shut for once, "Soon though, like, I could probably visit super soon, before we sort out me moving there, like with a visa and stuff."

Dream's breath still catches every time George talks about moving to Florida, still daydreams like a lovesick teenager whenever he imagines George in his bed, waking up curled into Dream, making food together in their kitchen. Sometimes, Dream can't believe how lucky he got, can't believe he's going to get to live with his two favourite people in the world.

For now, George visiting is enough.

"Yeah?"

"Uh huh," George nods, and he's sitting up properly now, back resting against his headboard, and Dream could fall in love again and again, "Like, next month?"

"Shit, really?" Dream responds, and now he's sitting up too, sheets pooling below his bare chest, and he knows he's smiling wide enough for his molars to be on show.

"I mean, only if you want me to." George laughs, tone teasing in a way that keeps Dream up at night.

"Of course I want you to," Dream whispers, voice gentle enough that Dream can visibly see George sigh in content, "Fuck, baby, I want nothing more, are you serious? I'll pay for your flights, and then you can stay with me and Sapnap obviously."

George laughs softly, he always does when Dream rambles, and Dream can feel his toes curl at the sight. George, sat against his bed, giggling to himself whilst Dream plans out their entire life together in his head. Sometimes, Dream wonders if soulmates are real.

Later, after George has fallen asleep on call, drifting off to the sound of his own breaths mixed with Dream's quiet singing, Dream thinks about the future. Dream often finds himself thinking about George and the future at the same time, thinks about weekly grocery shops, fighting over which brand of cereal is the best, thinks about late night drives, hand on George's thigh as he watches George gaze at a Floridian sunset, wonder in his eyes, thinks about never feeling the way he feels about George with anyone else.

Sometimes, Dream knows George is the only person he'll ever love.

Dream can't call George pet names on stream, they haven't told anyone else but close friends and family yet, and Dream doesn't think George would ever forgive him if their coming out happened because Dream called George 'darling' during a Jackbox stream.

It doesn't stop Dream though, and very quickly 'you're such an idiot' replaces the spaces where soft calls of 'baby' would have been off stream.

"It's definitely Russia." George giggles through Dream's headset, and not for the first time Dream is glad he doesn't do face camera streams, is glad nobody can see the fond look that he knows crosses his features when George speaks.

"You're such an idiot."

Dream knows how it sounds, knows that nobody watching thinks he means it, *knows* that everyone is well aware that he uses idiot as a term of endearment. Dream doesn't even know when he started doing it, long before he and George even made things official, but he's glad he did, because instead of chuckling a 'babe' to let George know that Dream adores him with every breath he takes, he can call George an idiot and mean the same thing.

"Yeah, yeah." George laughs, and Dream wonders if the older is supplements the words in his mind, wonders if George blushes the same way when Dream calls him an idiot as he does when Dream calls him his baby.

Dream is just thankful George knows it means the same, thankful that George can read him in a way that they both know is special.

It's not different in person, Dream thought it might be, thought it might be less of a second nature to let a pet name slip out his mouth when George is physically next to him.

If anything, it's easier.

"Hey, beautiful," Dream speaks, turning his head round from where he's sat at his desk to face George laying on his, *their*, bed, "Can you pass me that bottle of water?"

George pauses his movements, hand stretched over the end of the bed and Dream's end table, "Beautiful?"

"I mean," Dream begins, dragging a hand through his hair when George smiles a little, "You are."

"Sure," George laughs, finally grabbing the half full bottle, "That's just a new one, is all."

"Oh," Dream mumbles, spinning his chair round to properly face George, "Do you not like it?"

Dream ignores the churning in his stomach, the worry that he could still mess this all up, could still find a way to ruin the best thing that's ever happened to him.

"No, I do," George replies, and just like that, the churning is gone, and is instead replaced with tingles when Dream catches the red blossoming on George's cheeks, "It's cute."

"You're cute," Dream says back, a second nature retort, "And beautiful."

"Okay, okay, *stop* ." George groans, but he's standing up off the bed, water bottle forgotten on the duvet and making his way towards Dream, and before the younger can process the situation, George is sliding onto his lap, legs bracketing his thighs.

"Hi," Dream whispers, staring up at George in awe, and he wishes he had the words to describe how perfect he is, how George is everything Dream had imagined and more.

"I'm beautiful?" George says, head tilting to the side, and Dream wonders if he'll ever stop falling in love with George, wonders if the slight upturn of his top lip will ever stop being endearing, wonders if he'll ever look into George's eyes and not feel like he's seeing every star in the universe, wonders if George could be anything *but* beautiful.

Words aren't his love language though, so all Dream does is answer a simple, 'yeah', before bringing his hand up to cup George's face and pulling him down into a kiss. He knows George knows.

Princess is the most unexpected, for Dream *and* George.

It's kind of like the first time again, Dream hadn't even meant to use it as an endearment, if anything it was a fond insult, because George was being too picky over what film they watch and all Dream wanted to do was lean back on the couch and pull George into his arms.

"Oh my god, stop being such a princess about it and just pick something."

George does exactly that, stops dead in his tracks where he's sat cross legged on the floor, hand pausing it's scrolling through Netflix. And it's been months, George lives there now, it's been months of soft giggles into skin, and whispered sweet nothings, but Dream's fingers still twirl his phone nervously, still wonders if he's fucked this up.

"Shit, sorry George," Dream says, lifting himself up off the couch, sliding down next to George, and gently resting a hand on George's shoulder, "That was a bit harsh, I was just joking, but I'm sorry, baby."

“No, um,” George says, coughing slightly to clear his throat, and Dream can only see half of his boyfriends face, but he looks sheepish in an unfamiliar way, “It’s fine, you’re right, so uh, let’s just watch this one.”

Dream drags his gaze from George’s side profile to the TV, and resists the urge to roll his eyes when the preview is showing some overdone action movie that Dream *knows* neither of them would be interested in.

“Okay,” Dream drawls, pressing a quick kiss onto the crown of George’s head before lifting himself back onto the couch, “You joining me?”

Dream watches the way George’s head bobs up and down in a nod, but he’s still avoiding Dream’s eyeline as he sits himself on the couch and presses his side into Dream’s. The films playing softly in the background now, but Dream knows neither of them are paying attention, he’s too busy wondering what he said to make George all shy, and George is too busy picking the skin around his nails from where his hands peek out from under the hoodie he’s wearing.

“Don’t do that,” Dream says softly, wrapping his own hand around George’s, covering the irritated skin, “You’ll hurt yourself.”

“Oh, sorry.” George whispers back, tucking his head more firmly under where Dream’s arm is draped over his shoulders.

“What did I say?”

“Nothing, nothing, I swear!” George replies, turning to finally face Dream, and Dream can’t stop himself from pressing his head forward to catch George’s lips in a kiss, the touch doing wonders to lessen the anxiety making home in his bones.

“Then why are you mad at me?” Dream breaths out, and then feels the nervousness clouding his thoughts almost disappear when George looks taken aback, looks at Dream as if he couldn’t be mad at him if he even tried.

“I’m not mad at *you*,” George sighs dramatically, resting his chin on Dream’s chest, “I’m mad at what you said.”

“I know, but, I said I was sorry, and I really am, but I get it, you can be mad,” Dream says quietly, bringing a hand up George’s back to rest gently in the soft brown strands, “I love you, though.”

George smiles a little, the soft smile that he reserves only for Dream, “Not mad like that.”

“Mad like what then?”

George is blushing a little now, and Dream is even more bewildered than he was five minutes ago, “I’m mad that I like what you called me.”

“What I called you?” Dream ponders, hand stilling it’s movements in George’s hair, “Princess?”

Dream knows he’s right when George’s neck flushes a pale pink, groaning as he hides his face in Dream’s t-shirt. And, *oh*, that’s interesting.

“Princess,” Dream laughs, eyes closing in adoration when all George does is whine into fabric, “You like that?”

“Maybe.”

Dream knows it's more than a maybe by the way George has his hand gripping onto the cotton of his shirt, knows it's more than a maybe by George's inability to look Dream in the eyes.

"Hey," Dream calls softly, trailing his hand from George's hair to under his chin to lift the elders face up, "My princess."

"Oh my *god*," George speaks, and Dream is so in love it hurts, so in love with the way George's eyes are screwed shut in embarrassment, as if Dream would ever make fun of anything George likes, is so in love with the tone of George's voice, "I hate you."

"No you don't," Dream laughs, and George has opened his eyes now, and Dream thinks he'd call George anything he wanted if it meant George kept looking at him like he is now, "You love me."

"Whatever," George says, eyes rolling, but he's leaning up to catch Dream's lips in a kiss, "I do love you, I guess."

"Love you too, princess." Dream replies, just to see the way George's back arches slightly at the name, just to feel George drop his head back into Dream's chest.

"Okay, don't *over* use it, I like the others too."

"Yeah?" Dream muses, and he's already laughing before opening his mouth next, "My baby, darling, princess, cutie, beautiful George."

George is laughing too now, and Dream thinks it's the most wonderful sound in the world, their laughter mixing together till Dream can't tell where his starts and George's ends.

Dream thinks George is the most wonderful thing in the world.

End Notes

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